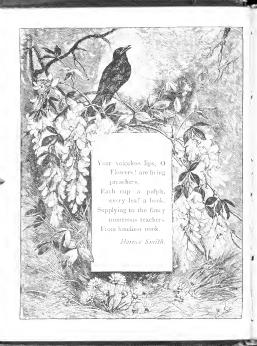


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Chicago Botanic Gooden

Christman, 1891.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

# HLORAL GEXT BOOK:

BEING

A BIRTHDAY BOOK OF FLOWERS AND THEIR LANGAUGE,
WITH SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS.



Compiled and Edited by
ESTELLE DAVENPORT ADAMS.

Acw Bork:
THOMAS WHITTAKER, 2 & 3, BIBLE HOUSE.

16-0553

# JANUARY.

-10-

THE short noon weeps that the hours are fleet
And hide the steps of the sun's bright feet;
But the moon laughs low in the midnight sky,
For she sees the sun's face from her throne on high.
Out of the heart of the winter-time
I send you a leaf from the young year's prime.

Edmund Gosse.

What then, and shall white winter ne'er be done,
Because the glittering frosty morn is fair?
Because against the early-setting sun
Bright show the glided boughs though waste and bare?

William Marris.

Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, the ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves.

Tennyson.

#### FENNEL-STRENGTH.

BOVE the lowly plant it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers;
And, in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous power
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Long fellow,

## COLTSFOOT-JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE

To often falls, in course of common life,

That right long time is overborne of wrong,

Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strice,
That weakens her, and makes her party
strong;

But justice, though her doom she do prolong,

Yet at the last she will her own cause right.

Spenser.

Januarų 1.
Типпигц 2.
Januarų 3

y lo

DAISY-INNOCENCE,

DRIGIT Flower I whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care.
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow —
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through!

Is it that man is soon deprest!
A thoughtless thing! who once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason.
And thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season?

Wordsworth

Заппагц 4. Типпигц 5. -Junary 6. -

#### TURNIP-CHARITY.

Ye HE secret that doth make a flower a flower of So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet, And to receive to give.

No soil so sterile, and no living lot So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare In bounteous odours. Charitable they

Who, be their having more or less, so have That less is more than need, and more is less Than the great heart's good-will.

Dahali

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that sooth and heal and bless
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers,

Wordsworth.

Mezereon -

DESIRE TO PLEASE.

HERE are who, bending supple knees,
Live for no end except to please,
Rising to fame by mean degrees;
But creen not thou with these.

Lewis Morris

Jane	Bujima	
Fra Levisi	— January 8.  res Coatheast  we Integral I your	
	— Januarų 9. ———	

h.

#### GRASS-SUBMISSION.

GOUNT each affliction, whether light or grave, God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou With courtesy receive him; rise and bow; And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave Permission first his heavenly feet to lave; Then lay before him all thou hast; allow No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow, Or mar thy hospitality; no wave of mortal turnult to obliterate

The soul's marmoreal calumess.

Aubrey de Vere.

## Moss-Maternal Love.

THE Mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
Her nursling's speech first grow articulate;
But breathless with averted eyes clate
She sits with open lips and open cars,
That it may call her twice.

D. G. Rossetti.



Terrela	Januarų 40. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
	Tanuarų 11.



SAGE-DOMESTIC VIRTUES.

The angry word suppress d, the taunting thought; Subduing and subduid, the perty strife Which clouds the colour of domestic lift; The sober comfort, all the peace which springs, From the large aggregate of little things; On these small cares of daughter, wife or friend, The almost sacred joys of home depend.

Hannah

Hannalı More.

Matthew Arnold.

	- Зицингу 13.
4',,	- <b>Т</b> иппагџ 44. ————
	- Јяппягџ 45,

#### GORSE-LOVE FOR ALL SEASONS.

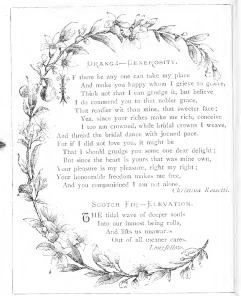
OUNTAIN gorses, ever golden!

Cankered not the whole year long
Do you teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where you grow!

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms!
Do you teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms!
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to a wintry earth, that Beauty liveth still!

E. B. Browning.

Launarú	16.
 Lannach	17. ———
 Lannarņ	18. ———



Типпиг <sub>ц</sub> 19
—————————————————————————————————————
Januarų 21. ————

#### HAZEL-RECONCILIATION.

E fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child We lost in other years, There above the little grave, O there above the little grave,

We kiss'd again with tears.

Tennyson.

## MEADOW GRASS-ENDURANCE.

Of vainly does he live who can endure,
Oh be thou sure.

That he who hopes and suffers here can earn
A sure return.

Hast thou found nought within thy troubled life Save inward strife?

Hast thou found all she promised thee, Deceit, And Hope a cheat?

Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast Eternal rest!

Adelaide Procter.

	Annach	22. —	
	Launacú	23. —	
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- Torence	P 200	24. — te_	1896_
	21		

cter.



H, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,

In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,

Is a merry meat for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed, And nations have scattered been; But the stout old Ivy shall never fade, From its hale and hearty green. The brave old plant in its lonely days, Shall fatten upon the past: For the stateliest building man can raise, Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping on where time has been A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

C. Dickens.

January 25. Таппагц 26. —— Заппагц 27. -

HEATHER-SOLITUDE.

ES! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild
We mortal millions live alone.
Matthew Arnold.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone (so Heaven has willed) we die?
Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Kehle.

CYPRESS-MOURNING.

OH! Lady, twine no wreath for me Or twine it of the cypress tree! Too lively glow the lilies light, The varnished holly's all too bright; The may-flower and the eglantine May shade a brow less sad than mine; But, lady twine no wreath for me, Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Sir II'. Scott.

-	โลยกลาบุ 28. ———————————————————————————————————
	Ţannarų 29. ———
	Januarų 30.
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ld.

le.

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Love that should help you to live, Song that should spur you to soar. I that have love and no more, Give you but love of you, sweet: He that hath more let him give;

He that hath wings, let him soar;
Mine is the heart at your feet,
Here that must love you to live.

FIR-TIME.

More would be laid at your feet:

ME, the foe of man's dominion, Wheels around in ceaseless flight; Scattering from his heary pinion Shades of everlasting night. Still beneath his frown appalling, Man and all his works decay: Still, before him, swiftly falling, Kings and kingdoms pass away.

T. L. Peacock.

Swinburne.

M. Franklin Maddeve

### A SPRING SONG.

NE morning, oh! so early, my belovèd, my belovèd, All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would cease:

"Twas the Thrush sang in the garden, "Hear the story, hear the story!"

And the Lark sang "Give us glory,"

And the Dove sang, "Give us Peace!"

Then I listened, oh, so early, my belovèd, my belovèd,
To the murmur from the woodland, of the Dove, my dear, the

Dove;
When the Nightingale came after, "Give us Fame to sweeten duty."

When the Wren sang, "Give us Beauty,"

She made answer, "Give us Love!"

Fair is April, fair the morning, my belovèd, my belovèd,

Now for us doth Spring's bright morning wait upon the year's increase,

Let my voice be heard, that asketh not for fame and not for glory,

Give for all our life's dear story,

Give us Love and give us Peace!

Jean Ingelow.

# FEBRUARY.

-4/-

J. L. Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair— The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing— And Winter slumbering in the open air. Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring. S. T. Colerhige.

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snow-drops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindling one by one:
Sing, Robin, sing;
I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring,

Christina Rossetti.

Now fades the last long streak of snow, Now bourgeons every maze of quick About the flowering squares, and thick By ashen roots the violets blow.

Tennyson.



 — Девциягу 1. ————
—
— Девіняту 3. ————



# ROSEMARY-REMEMBRANCE.

OWN dropped the sun upon the sea,
The gradual darkness filled the land,
And 'mid the twilight, silently,
I felt the pressure of a hand.

And a low voice: "Have courage, friend,
Be of good cheer, 'tis not for long;
He conquers who awaits the end,
And dares to suffer and be strong."

I have seen many a land since then,
Known many a joy and many a pain,
Victor in many a strife of men,
Vanquished again and yet again.

The ancient sorrow now is not,
Since time can heal the keenest smart;
Yet the vague memory, scarce forgot,
Lingers deep down within the heart.

Still, when the ruddy flame of gold Fades into gray on sea and land, I hear the low sweet voice of old, I feel the pressure of a hand.

Lewis Morris

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#### PURPLE VIOLET-YOU OCCUPY MY THOUGHTS.

think of thee! it was thy fond request When yesterweek we parted. Ah! how well I heed thy bidding, only Love may tell Beneath his roses. As, for welcome rest, The bird, wing weary, seeks her downy nest, So, oft, dear heart! from toil and care I flee, And, nestling in my happy thought of thee, With sweet repose my weary soul is blest. To think of thee-who evermore art near My conscious spirit, like the halo spread In altar-pictures round some stately head, As 'twere of heaven the golden atmosphere-What can I else, until in death I sink, And, thinking of my darling, cease to think? I. G. Saxe.

## IRISH IVY-CLINGING AFFECTION.

THINK of thee! my thoughts do twine and bud About thee, as wild vines, about a tree, Put out broad leaves, and soon there's nought to see Except the straggling green which hides the wood. E. B. Browning.

 	— Қебұнағу 7. —	
	– Hebquarų S. –	
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 	- <b>Дев</b> циягц 9	

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BARREN STRAWBERRY-GENTLENESS.

HEN Man alone, or leagued in governmen's,
The works of Christian duty would fulfil.
His faltring steps defeat his anxious will,
As heights attain'd reveal but fresh ascents;
How poor his efforts to his high intents!
Nature alone succeeds in all she tries:
She drops her dews and not a flower is mis-fit;

La Santo

She drops her dews and not a nower is miss?
She bids the universal grass arise.
Till stony ways and wilds antagonist
Are into emerald beauty softly kiss'd,
To show the power in gentleness that lies.

James Hedderwick.

#### CHAMPIGNON-SUSPICION.

MD shall we all condemn, and all distrust,
Because some men are false, and some unjust?
Forbid it, Heaven; for better 'twere to be
Duped of the fond impossibility —
Of light and radiance, which sleep's visions gave,
Than thus to live suspicion's bitter slave.

Hen. Mrs. Norten.

Hebruary 10.
——— <u>Нев</u> циягу 41. ————
Ңебіціягі 12



## CAMELLIA JAPONICA-PERFECTED LOVELINESS.

by any device or knowledge The rosebud its beauty could know. It would stay a rosebud for ever, Nor into its fulness grow.

O little one, perfect and sweet, Thou would'st be a child for ever, Completer whilst incomplete. F. T. Palgrave.

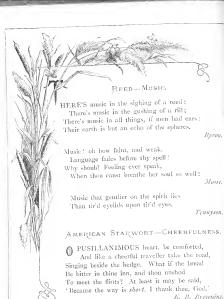
# MOUNTAIN LAUREL AMBITION.

NWARD, onward may we press Through the path of duty; Virtue is true happiness, Excellence true beauty; Minds are of supernal birth: Let us make a heaven of earth.

James Montgemery.

 Дебциягц 13. ——	
— Ңеберингу 44.	
<b>Невепигц</b> 45. ——	

77.



Byron.

Magre

– Rebijuarų 16. – – – –
 – <b>Т</b> евциягц 17. ————
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— Febijiarij 18. —————

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HOU first-born of the year's delight, Pride of the dewy glade, In vernal green, and virgin white, Thy vestal robes array'd;

'Tis not because thy drooping form Sinks graceful on its nest, When chilly shades from gathering

Affright thy tender breast;

Nor for you river islet wild Beneath the willow spray, Where, like the ringlets of a child Thou wear'st thy circle gay.

'Tis not for these I love thee dear Thy shy averted smiles To fancy bode a joyous year, One of Life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon, And cheer the ungenial day, And tell us, all will glisten soon As green and bright as they.

Keble.

 <b>Нев</b> циягų 19.
— Ңобинагц 20 ——————————————————————————————————
 —— <b>Деб</b> цингу 24. —————

TORREST TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE



TF, as life glides on, we miss some flowers Which once shed light and fragrance on our way,

Yet still the kindly-compensating hours Weave us fresh wreaths in beautiful array; And long as in the paths of peace we stay Successive benedictions shall be ours!

LICHEN DEJECTION. ☐ IELDS once I walked in, faces once I knew. Familiar things so old my heart

believed them true, These far, far back, behind me lie, before The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar, And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them

No words of home.

 - Hebunarų 22.	
- Ңсвіпагу 23.	The second secon
 — Ңғ <b>b</b> іпагі 24.	



## STARWORT - AFTERTHOUGHT.

MY lost love, and my own, own love, And my love that loved me so! Is there never a chink in the world above Where they listen for words from below? Nav. I spoke once and I grieved thee sore: I remember all that I said: And now thou wilt hear me no more, no more,

Jean Ingelow,

#### EVERGREEN CLEMATIS-POVERTY.

Till the sea gives up her dead.

OH but to breathe the breath Of the cowslip and primrose sweet With the sky above my head, And the grass beneath my feet, For only one short hour To feel as I used to feel. Before I knew the woes of want And the walk that costs a meal!

Hood.

<b>—— Деб</b> циягц 25. ————	
—— Ңейқияғұ 26.	
—— Дейциягц 27.	
47	

#### DANDELION - RUSTIC ORACLE.

GOLD such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow Through the primeval hish of Indian seas, Nor wrinkled the lean brow Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;

Of age, to rob the lover's heart of case;
"Its the spring's largesse which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand.
Though most hearts never understand
To take it as God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem, When thou, for all thy gold, so common art! Thou teachest me to deem

Most sacredly of every human heart,

Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam Of Heaven, and could some wondrons secret show, Did we but pay the love we owe,

And with a child's undoubting wisdom look On all these living pages of God's

hook.

J. R. Lowell

 — Achinary 28, ———	
 	**********
— Ңебциягџ 29. ———	
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## TO A SNOWDROP.

But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend:
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odour lavishing
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers;
Not will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years.

Waytsworth

er orasworm,

# MARCH.

---

HE daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
Shakespeare.

To me at this fair season still hath been In every wild flower an exhaustless treasure, And, when the young-eyed violet first was seen, Methought to breathe was pleasure.

Lord Lytton

The roaring moon Of daffodil and crocus.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch, And rarely pipes the mounted thrush, Or underneath the barren bush Flits by the sea-blue bird of March.

Tennyson.



HE brightest gems in heaven that glow Shine out from midmost sky; The whitest pearls of the sea below In its lowest caverns lie.

He must stretch afar who would reach a star, Dive deep for the pearl, I trow. And the fairest rose that in Scotland blows, Hangs high on the topmost bough.

Whyte Mchilie.

### PETUNIA (WHITE)-TRUST TO ME.

MY wife, my life. O we will walk this world, Voked in all exercise of noble end. And so through those dark gates across the wild That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come, Vield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one: Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself; Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

Tennyson.

 – <b>Q</b> ողքի 1. –	
 - Qորքի 2	
 — <b>M</b> arth 3. —	

#### Paffodil-Regard.

AIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon.
As yet the early rising-sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
Ind. having ran'd tozether, we

And, having pray'd together, we Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die

As your hours do, and dry Away.

Like to the Summer's rain,
Or, as the pearls of morning's
dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.

— <b>Q</b> որի 4. —	
— <b>Q</b> aşıh 5. —	
 <b>Q</b> urth 6. —	



WHOU, the spiritual flower, Sentient of each breeze and shower, Thou rejoicing in the skies, And transpierced with all their dyes; Preathing vase, with light o'er flowing, Gem-like to thy centre glowing, Thou the poet's type shall be, Flower of soul, Anemone!

Hemans.

## PERIWINKLE-PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

SWEET memory, wafted by thy gentle gale, Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail, To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours, Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Rosers

### MINT-VIRTUE.

FOVE Virtue, she alone is free: She can teach thee how to climb Higher than the sphery clime; Or, if Virtue feeble were, Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Milton.

	<b>Д</b> яціф 7.	
R. A. Jaj	Quich S	
	Qairy 9.	



CROCUS-YOUTHFUL GLADNESS.

ELCOME, mild harbinger of Spring! To this small nook of earth; Feeling and fancy fondly cling Round thoughts which owe their birth To thee, and to the humble spot Where chance has fix'd thy lowly lot.

To thee,—for thy rich golden bloom, Like heaven's fair bow on high, Portends, amid surreunding gloom, That brighter hours draw nigh, When blossoms of more varied dyes Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen.
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the immates of the ark.

Barton.

	<b>M</b> anch 10.	
	— Qորդ 11. ——	
7.1.	— <b>Диці</b> ф 12. ——	

## POLYANTHUS-PRIDE OF RICHES.

EALTH, and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart.
Bid not the shadowy phantom stay,

The vassals of a mistress they, Of fickle heart.

Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found; Her swift revolving wheel turns round, And they are gone!

No rest th' inconstant goddess knows, But changing, and without repose, Still burges on.

Long fellow

#### WILLOW-FORSAKEN.

TI lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree, And my fause luver stole my rose, But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

Duins.

— Дицећ 13. ——	
— Quich 14.	
 — Дицец 15. Eva Oratt /8	74-"96.

### PRIMROSE-YOUTH.

SK me why I send you here.

This firstling of the unfaut year.

Ask me why I send to

This primrose all bepearl'd with dew,

I straight will whisper in your

The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth show So yellow, green, and sickly too: Ask me why the stalk is weak,

And bending, yet it doth not break:

I must tell you, these discover

What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Carree.

Care

Quirth 16.
 Quich 17.
 Qarrh 18.

#### SPEEDWELL-FIDELITY.

AM bound by the old promise,
What can break that golden chain?
Not even the words that you have spoken.
Or the sharpness of my pain:

Do you think because you fail me, And draw back your hand to day, That from out the heart I gave you, My strong love can fade away.

Adelaide Proctes

## WHITE POPLAR--TIME.

MADE a posie, while the day ran by:

Here will I smell my remnant out and tie

My life within this band.

But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,

And wither'd in my hand.

Terbert.

— Qողքի 19.
 <b>Q</b> ողքի 21



#### CELANDINE-JOYS TO COME.

ANSIES, lilies, king-cups, daisies
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,

They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Comfort have thou of thy merit, Kindly massuming spirit!

Careless of thy neighbourhood, Thou dost show thy pleasant face, On the moor, and in the wood, In the lane,—there's not a place, Howsoever mean it be, But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before a thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come, with half a call,

Spreading out thy glossy crest, Like a careless prodigal; Telling tales about the sun, When we've little warmth, or none.

Wordsworth.

Justil addison Chipard. Manch 23. March 24.

#### Marigold — Grief. -

HEN with a serious musing behold

The grateful and obsequious mari-

How duly every morning she displays Her open breast when Titan spreads his rays; How she observes him in his daily walk, Still bending towards him her tender stalk How when he down declines she droops

and mourns,
Bedew'd (as 'twere) with tears, till he
returns;

returns, And how she veils her flowers when he is gone. As if she scomed to be looked on By an inferior eye; or did content To wait upon a meaner light than him. When thus I meditate, methinks the flowers

Have spirits far more generous than ours, And give us fair examples to despise The servile fawnings and idolatries Wherewith we court these carthly things below

Which merit not the service we bestow.

G. Wither,

<b>Да</b> ңгің 25.
 00 1. 0.6
 Quich 26.
 Quịch 27.



IOLETS, shy violets!

How many hearts with thee compare, Who hide themselves in thickest green, And thence unseen

Ravish the enraptured air

With sweetness, dewy fresh and rare!

Violets, shy violets!

Human hearts to me shall be Viewless violets in the grass,

And, as I pass, Odours and sweet imagery

Will wait on mine and gladden me.

George Meredith.

Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth, and buried time?

Tennyson.

J	Qորքի 28	
	— Дողքի 29. —	
	—	



ALMOND blessom sent to teach us
that the spring days soon will reach.
Lest, with longing over-tried,
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the tree,
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of grees en;
Lord the broidery,
Lord the winder winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

Ektoin Arnold.

WOOD SORREL-JOY.

BOW fading are the joys we dote upon! Like apparitions seen and gone: But those which sooneth take their flight Are the most exquisite and strong: Like angels' visits short and bright. Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

<b>Дицг</b> ф 31.

STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

#### A SPRING CHANSON.

N the spring-time's lovely thronging Lurk a sacred thirst and longing. Every deep earth-hidden root Yearns to turn to flower and fruit; Every hen-bird east and west Pines for eggs beneath her breast; On all harmless creeping things Comes desire of painted wings; And the brightest vision hovers In the eyes of happy lovers; The burst of apple-blossoms brave Hides the newly-moulded grave; The voice of happy bird in brake Soothes the oft-recurring ache. Spring is breathing through my hair. Spring is smiling in the air; And in deep delight I share With far removed things-The solitary mining mole, The lark, a disembodied soul, That, lost in heaven, sings,

Alexander Smith.

# APRIL.

HEN proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim, Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.

Shakespeare.

O fair mid-spring besung so oft and oft.
How can I praise thy loveliness enow?
Thy sun that burns not, and thy breezes soft
That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
The thousand things that 'neath the young leaves grow.
The hopes and chances of the growing year,
Winter forgotten long, and summer near.

William Morris.

Can trouble live with April days, Or sadness in the summer moons?

Tennyson.



# PURPLE HYACINTH SORROWFUL REGRET.

E might have been—but these are common words,

And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing,
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music we deplore, when unavailing.
We might have been

Life knoweth no like misery—the rest Are single sorrows; but in this are blended All sweet emotions that disturb the breast, The light that once was loveliness is ended. We might have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must he A sealed book at whose contents we tremble; A still voice mutters 'mid our misery, 'The worst to bear, because it must dissemble.

We might have been!

L. E. Landon.

#### MERCURY-GOODNESS.

E good, sweat maid, and let who will be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them all day long:

And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever

One grand, sweet song.

C. Kingsley.

The second secon	April 1.	
	April 2.	
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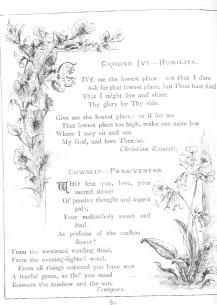
HE wall-flower-the wall-flowerHow beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time:
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place! Gray Ruin's golden crown! That lendest melancholy grace To haunts of old renown: Thou mantlest ofer the battlement, By strile or storm decayed; And fillest up each envious rent Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay;
The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay—
Of flowers firs', last, and best!
There may be gaudier in the bower
And statelier on the tree.
But wall-flower—loved wall-flower—
Thou art the flower for me!

D. M. Moir.

April 4.
- April 5
April 6.



	April 7. ————
1.,	— April 8.
	ie Brown Woolsten 91-1937
Home	oy Falls N. Y.  April 9.



PIMPERNEL -CHANGE.

OTHING that is can pause or stav; The moon will wax, the moon will wane, The mist and cloud will turn to rain, The rain to mist and cloud again,

Long fellow.

Time fleeth on. Youth soon is gone. Naught earthly may abide; Life seemeth fast, But may not last,

It runs as runs the tide.

C. G. Leland.

OAK-INDEPENDENCE.

TREE born, it is my purpose to die free. Away degrading cares; and you not less, Delights of sense and gauds of worldliness; I have no part in you, nor you in me. Are there no flowers on earth, in heaven no stars, That we must place in such low things our trust? Aubrey De l'ere.

	— Аргіі 10. ——	
	— Ajirif 44. ——	
am	April 12. — ie M. Spence	

# STRAWBERRY BLOSSOMS-FORESIGHT.

PULL the primrose, sister Anne! Pull as many as you can.

Here are daisies, take your fill;
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower:
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower;
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;
Only spare the strawberry blossom.

Primroses, the spring may lose them — Summer knows but little of them: Violets a barren kind, Withered on the ground must lie: Daisles leave no fruit behind. When the pretty flow'rets die; Pluck them and another year As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured strawberry-flower.
Hither soon as spring is fled
You, and Charles and I will walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower:
And for that promise spare the flower
Wordsworth.

— April 43. ————
 — April 44. ————
— April 45. ————
85

 BLACK POPLAR-COURAGE.

UR course is onward, onward into light: \*

What though the darkness gathereth amain?

Yet to return or tarry, both are vain;

How tarry, when around us is thick night?

Whither return? what flower yet ever might.
In days of gloom and cold and stormy rain,
Enclose itself in its green bud again,
Hiding from wrath of tempest out of sight?
Courage—we travel through a darksome cave;
But still, as nearer to the light we draw,
Fresh gales will reach us from the upper air,
And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
And darkness lighten more, till fall of awe,
We stand in the open sunshine unaware.

R. C. Trench.

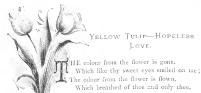
#### BIRCH-MEEKNESS.

VIELD all the days their dues.

But when the evening light is lost, or dim, Commune alone, in spirit, and with Him; Restore your soul with stillness, as is meet. And when the sun bids forth, haste not to shew Your strength; but kneel for blessing, ere you go; And meekly bind the sandals on your feet.

Thomas Ashe.

Aprif 16. ————
April 17. ————
 Aprif 18. ————
 9.0



I weep—my tears revive it not;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

Sheller

#### BELL FLOWER-GRATITUDE.

HAT is grandeur? what is power?—
Heavier toil, superior pain!
What the bright reward we gain?—
The grateful mem'ry of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bees' collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.



— Дµгіі 49. ——	
Tii na	
— Aprif 20. ——	
— April 21. ——	



HITE bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow.

Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green An Eremite beneath his mountain brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

Some flowers there are who rear their heads on high, The gorgeous products of a burning sky, That rush upon the eye with garish bloom And make the senses drunk with high perfume. Not such art thou, sweet Lily of the Vale. So lovely, small, and delicately pale, — We might believe, if such fond faith were ours, As sees humanity in trees and flowers, That thou wert once a maiden meek and good. That pined away beneath her native wood For very fear of her own loveliness, And died of love she never would confess.

Hartley Coleridge.

	— Аµгії 22. —	
11	— Дигів 23. —	
	— Дµгіf 24. —	

PEAR TREE-COMFORT:

> AS fate o'erwhelmed thee with some sudden blow?

Let thy tears flow:

But know when storms are past, the heavens appear

More pure, more clear:

And hope, when farthest from their shining rays
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain
Its iron chain?

Has thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond? Look thou beyond;

If life is bitter-there for ever shine

Hopes more divine.

Adelaide Procter.

#### TULIP-FAME.

WHO shall lightly say that fame is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm. The nerves to brace, the heart to warm; As, thinking of the mightly dead,.
The young from slothful couch will start, And vow, with lifted hands outspread, Like them to act a noble part?

Joanna Baillie.

	— April 25. —	
	— <b>Д</b> ргії 26. —	
	— Аргіі 27. —	
******		



— Дµгіl 28	
— Дµгії 29.	
 —   Дµгіl 30	

#### SPRING SONG.

POW do tawny bees, along Plundering sweets from blossoms, hum; Now do showers of joyous song Down from larks, up-mounting, come; Every thing Now doth sing, Welcome gladness—welcome spring!

Now do those, in joy that walk Shadowed wood and chequered lane, Stay their steps, and hush their talk,

Till the cuckoo calls again; Till anew

Hush! cuckoo,— Hark! it comes the wood-depths through.

Now the Woods are starred with eyes; Now their weeds and mosses through, Peep the white anemones, Daisies pink, and violets hlue; Flowers, they spring;— Birds, they sing;— All to swell the pomp of spring.

William Cox Bennett.

## MAY.

- b7 e

SEASON of fancy and of hope, Permit not for one hour A blossom from thy crown to drop, Nor add to it a flower! Keep, lovely May, as if by touch Of self-restraining art, This modest charm of not too much, Part seen, imagined part!

Wordsmorth

It was the prime
Of the sweet Spring-time.
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note;
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.

George Eliot.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, The distance takes a lovelier hue, And, drowned in yonder living blue, The lark becomes a sightless song.

Tennyson.



### HAREBELL-GRIEF.

EVER morning wore

To evening, but some heart did break.

Tennyson.

Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end.

Aubrey De Vere.

#### BUTTERCUP-MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

To me your mind it is most sweet to muse Upon the days gone by—to act in thought Past seasons o'er, and be again a child.

To sit, in fancy, on the turf-clad slope, Down which the child would roll,

To pluck gay flowers.

Charles Lamb.

We'll talk of sunshine and of song, .
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

Wordsworth.

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Hope, like the gleaming taper's light, Adorns and cheers our way: And still, as darker grows the night, Emits a brighter ray.

Goldsmith

**Д**ац 4. Man 5. Od ) or thrup Magura Falls



Better by far you should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti.

Yet, if you should forget me for awhile, And afterwards remember, do not grieve; For if the darkness and corruption leave A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

#### FLOWERING FERN-MEDITATION.

† TS greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven:
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

Foung.

	<b>Д</b> нџ 7.	
, 1	— Quų 8. —	
	— Диџ 9, —	



Did a bright maid, that thought her lover all By which a maid would fain beloved be, Leaning against a ruin'd abbey wall Make of the flower an am'rous coronal, That still should breathe and whisper "Think of me!" H. Coloridge.

That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook.

Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!

S. T. Coleridge.

#### BLUE BELL-CONSTANCY

T is the same together or apart.

From life's commencement to its slow decline:
We are entwined; let death come slow or fast;
The tie which bound the first, endures the last!

Byron.

<u> </u>	— Qnų 10. ——	
	Дяџ 44.	
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ND thou so rich in gentle names appealing To hearts that own our nature's common lot: Thou styled by sportive fancy's better feeling A 'thought,' 'the heartsease,' or 'forget me not :' Who deck'st alike the peasant's garden plot And castle's proud parterre; with humble joy Proclaim afresh, by castle and by cot. Hopes which ought not like things of time to cloy. And feelings time itself shall deepen-not destroy.

Barton

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which Men are, and ought to be accountable, If not to Thee, to those they influence; Grant this, we pray Thee, and that all who read Or utter noble thoughts, may make them theirs, And thank God for them, to the betterment Of their succeeding life.

P. I. Bailey.

Alas! we make A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step, But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high resolves Look down upon our slumbering acts.

L. E. Landon.

Mny 43. Mand Hrites May 14. May 15. 107

#### FIELD LILAC-HUMILITY.

HE bird that soars on highest wing Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearer the Throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

George Herbert

#### DAPHNE-JMMORTALITY.

PO! no! the energy of life may be Kept on after the grave, but not begun! And he who flagged not in the earthly strife, From strength to strength advancing—only he, His soul well-knit, and all his battles won, Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life. \*\*Matthew Arnold.\*\*

\*\*Matthew Arnold.\*\*

	<b>Да</b> џ 46.
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	1 200
	Quy 18.
45	

### GUELDER ROSE-AGE.

AGE is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Long fellow,

The wiser mind

Mourns less for what age takes away

Than what it leaves behind.

Wordsworth.

FOXGLOVE-JUSINCERITY

A N empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them, wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Jean Invelove.

O bloomy bed of foxgloves, Fair on the island set, Incarnate, lovely essence Of air and rivulet.

Lord Southesk.

Дяџ 19.
Melen M. Simbins 1877
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	— Даң 24. —	
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WEEPING WILLOW-MELANCHOLY.

O-you may call it madness, folly,—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!

Oh! if you knew the pensive pleasure That fills my bosom when I sigh, You would not rob me of a treasure Monarchs are too poor to buy.

Rogers.

# MICHAELMAS DAISY-FAREWELL.

SWEET is the fragrance of remembered love:
The memory of clasped hands is very sweet.
Joined hands that did not once too often meet,
And never knew that saddest word "Enough!"
And so 'tis well that, ere our springtime fleet
Runs in the heyday of our love, part we:
Farewell, and all white omens go with thee!

John Payne.

———— ————————————————————————————————
Jr.E. Orzaell
———— Диџ 27.
115



A mournful rustling in the dark. Longfellow.

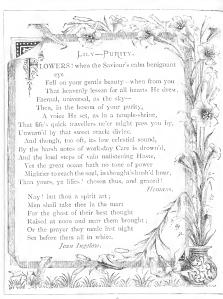
LABURNAM-FORSAKEN.

TAY a garland on my hearse Of the dismal vew: Maidens, willow branches bear: Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm From my hour of birth. Upon my buried body lie Lightly, gentle earth.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

	<b>Д</b> ац 28. —	
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	— Qaų 30. —	
Thomas	9 Jestis	
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<b>M</b> ոդ 31. ————
 ,
119

#### SUMMER.

INTER is cold-hearted;
Spring is yea and nay;
Autumn is a weathercock,
Blown every way;
Summer days for me,
When every leaf is on the tree,

When Robin's not a beggar.
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat fields wide.
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swines from side to side.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone everywhere.

Christina Rossetti.

# JUNE.

T was the time of roses:
We plucked them as we passed.

Hood.

It was the Minstrel's merry month of June; Silent and sultry glow'd the breezeless noon; Along the flowers the bee went murmuring; Life in its myriad forms was on the wing, Played on the green leaves with the quivering beam, Sang from the grove, and sparkled from the stream.

Edward Lord Lytton

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays,

J. R. Lowell.



Of Y wind is turned to bitter north
That was so soft a south before;
My sky, that shone so sumy bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
Upon the dank autumnal floor;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

Clouch.

YELLOW RATTLE-WAITING.

AITING, waiting. "Tis so far To the day that is to come: One by one the days that are All to tell their countless sum; Each to dawn, and each to die— What so far as by-and-bye?

Augusta Webster.

	— Jung 1. —	
	— Jung 2. —	
har	— Jung 3. —	taa



OW much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom.

Rose ' ever wearing beauty for thy dower ! The bridal-day-the festival-the tomb-

Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower !

Therefore, with thy soft breath come floating by A thousand images of love or grief: Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,

Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first,

In the clear light of Eden's golden day! There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,

Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gather'd, and the bier; Rose! colour'd now by human hope and pain; Surely where death is not-nor change, nor fear, Yet may we meet thee, joy's own flower, again

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Jung 4.	
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 — June 5.	
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 — Jung 6.	



 — Jung 7.	<del></del>
— June 8.	
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 — Jung 9.	

#### GRASS OF PARNASSUS-BEAUTY.

Then Nature said

"A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make

"Thenfloating clouds their state shall

To her; for her the willows bend; Nor shall she fail to see Even in the motions of the storm Grace that shall mould the maiden's form By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear To her; and she shall lean her ear he many a secret place Where rivulets dance their wayward round, And beauty born of murmuring

Shall pass into her face."

Wordsworth.

 Jung 10.
 Jung 11.
 June 12.

## Honeysuckle-Devoted Affection.

TLUCKED a honeysuckle where
The hedge on high is quick with thorn,
And climbing for the prize was torn,
And fouled my feet in quag-water;
And by the thorns and by the wind
The blossom that I took was thinn'd,
And yet I found it sweet and fair.

Thence to a richer growth I came, Where, nursed in mellow intercourse, The honeysuckles sprang by scores, Not harried like my single stem, All virgin lamps of scent and dew. So from my hand that first I threw, Yet plucked not any more of them.

D. G. Rossetti.

 — Jung 13.	
 — Jung 14.	
 — Јинд 45.	
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## EGLANTINE-I WOUND TO HEAL.

P LUCK not the eglantine
But leave it there to bloom through sun and shade.
Wilt call it thine?
Poor eglantine!

Then look to see it fade!

Oh, grasp not earth's delight,
But only take its fragrance, passing by.
Our paths are bright
Through earth's delight

Through earth's delight, Which in our grasp would die!

.1nne Evans.

#### Musk Rose-Charming.

To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm?

So while we taste the fragrance of the rose
Glows not her blush the fairer?

Akenside.

 — Зипе 16. —	
P. 1. , Sord	
Jung 48. —	

### GERMANDER SPEEDWELL-FACILITY.

LUE eye-bright! loveliest flower of all that grows In flower-loved England! Flower whose hedge-side gaze

Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank!

E. Elliett

### LUCERN-LIFE.

DETWEEN (wo worlds, life hovers like a star Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge. How little do we know that which we are! How little do we know that which we are! Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar Our hubbles.

Byron.

He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things—God.

P. J. Bailer.

And time is as wind, and as the waves are we;

And song is as foam that the sea-winds tret,

Though the thought at its heart should be deep as the sea.

Satisharae.

Life's helm rocks to the windward and lee,

Inne 19.
Jung 20.
Jung 21.

# WATER-LILY-PURITY OF HEART.

BRIGHT Lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell.
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meckly brave
Dwelt in thy cell.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower.

Oh! love is most like thee,
The love of woman! quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
Midst life's dark sea.

And faith, O, is not faith
Like thee, too, lily, springing into light
Still buoyantly above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought.

Hemans.



 June 22.
 June 23.
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June 24.
Sunt 27,



# BORAGE-TRIALS.

RAY, pray, thou who also weepest, And the drops will slacken so; Weep, weep:-and the watch thou keepest, With a quicker count will go. Think:-the shadow on the dial For the nature most undone Marks the passing of the trial, Proves the presence of the sun.

E. B. Browning.

### HEMP-FATE.

TONG we live, thinking nothing of our fate; For in the morn of life we mark it not-It falls behind: but as our day goes down We catch it lengthening with a giant's stride, And ushering us unto the feet of night.

P. J. Bailer.

Alas! how easily things go wrong! A sigh too much, or a kiss too long, And there follows a mist and a weeping rain, And life is never the same again.

George Mac Donald.

Jung 25.	
Jung 26.	
Jung 27.	
120	

i.



## JASMINE-AMIABILITY.

MIMID jasmine-buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day.
But when the sunlight dies away.
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about.

Moore.

White jessamine. That star of its own heaven.

Oscar Wild.

#### PINE BRANCH-ASPIRATION.

ARE there not aspirations in each heart, After a better, brighter world than this? Longings for beings nobler in each part,

Things more exalted, steep'd in decper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality.

Robert Nicoll.

Jung 28.	
 Jung 29.	
June 30.	

# A WILD-WOOD SPELL.

COME to the woods, Medora, Come to the woods with me; The leaves are green, the summer sheen Is on the linden tree.

Up in the woods, Medora. The thrushes warble free; Around, above, they sing of love, So let me sing to thee!

On the low thorn, Medora, The finch is fair to see, A jewel bright, a heart's delight— Ah! so art thou to me.

From the dark pines, Medora, There flows a balmy sea; The air's soft kiss is heavenly bliss— How sweet art thou to me!

Come to the woods, Medora, Come to the shade with me; The roses bloom in that sweet gloom— So bloom, dear rose, for me!

Earl of Southesk.

# JULY.

OW is there silence through the summer woods, In whose green depths and lawny solitudes The light is dreaming; voicings clear ascend Now from no hollow where glad rivulets wend, But murmurings low of inarticulate moods, Softer than stir of unfledged cushat broods, Breathe, till o'er-drowsed the heavy flower-heads bend. Now sleep the crystal and heart-charmed waves Round white, sun-stricken rocks, the noontide long, Or, 'mid the coolness of dim-lighted caves, Sway in a trance of vague deliciousness. Edward Dowden.

The woods are hushed, their music is no more.

Tennison.



PRAY FOR ME.

ORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let

thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats,

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them

For so the whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson.

#### GERANIUM, (SCARLET) - COMFORT

JLL are not taken! there are left behind Living Belovéds, tender looks to bring, And make the daylight still a happy thing, Add tender voices, to make soft the wind. E. B. Bronnius.

Zulų 1. ————	
July 2.	
Julų 3.	



The earth so bright;

So full of splendour and of joy,

Beauty and light:

So many glorious things are here, Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to abound; So many gentle thoughts and deeds

Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth

Some love is found.

Adelaide Procte.

# STAR OF BETHLEHEM-PURITY.

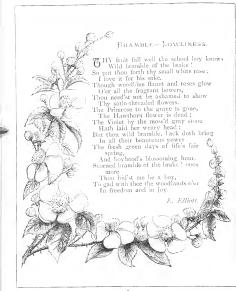
SHE was as good as she was fair.

None-none on earth above her!

As pure in thought as angels are, To know her was to love her.



	— Infų 4.	
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	– July 5.	
	– July 6.	



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 Infų 10.	
July 11.	
 July 12.	
151	

# THISTLE (COMMON) - AUSTERITY.

Lightly seeds of care are sown;
Lightly seeds of care are sown;
Little do we note.

Lightly soars the thistle-down:
Far and wide it flies,
By the faintest zephyr blown
Through the shining skies.

When life's thistles bud and blow, Oh! 'tis pleasant folly! But when all our paths they sow Then comes melancholy.

II". Howitt.

# NASTURTIUM—PATRIOTISM.

My country's good, with a respect more tender, More holy, and profound, than mine own life.

Shakespeare.

Who would not bleed with transports for his country, Tear every tender passion from his heart. And greatly die to make a people happy?

Thomson.



 — Julų 13.	
 - Յոքդ 14	
 — Julų 15. — —	



— Ințų	16. —	
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 — July	17. —	
<u>Հոք</u> դ	18 —	

# THISTLE-LIBERTY

HAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band.
It kindles all the sunset land:
O tell us what its name may be,
It shis the flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.
Behold its streaming rays unite.

One mingling flood of braided light, The red that fires the Southern rose, With spothess white from Northern snows, And spangled o'er its azure, see The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,

Then hail the banner of the free The starry Flower of Liberty.

The blades of heroes fence it round. Where'er it springs is holy ground; From tower and dome its glories spread; It waves where lonely sentries tread; It makes the land as ocean free, And plants an empire on the sea! Then hail the banner of the free. The starry Flower of Liberty.

O. H'. Holmes.

Kathlen Irulking July 20. July 21



OW grand is silence! In her tranquil deeps
What mighty things are horn! Thought, Beauty, Faith,
All good; -bright Thought, which springeth forth at once
Like sudden sumise; Faith the angel-eyed,
Who takes her rest beside the heart of man,
Serene and still; eternal Beauty, crown'd
With flowers, that with the changing seasons change;
And good of all kinds.

B. W. Proctor.

B. W. Proctor

Of every noble work the silent part is best,

(If all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

II'. IF. Story.

POPPY (RED)—CONSOLATION.
THIS earth is not so far from heaven;
Bright angels from the skies,
To faith revealed, where sense is scaled,
Descend, and prayers uprise.
Deep Sabbath of the trusting breast,
The solstice of a realm of rest,
Rich antespasts we have in thee

Aubrey de l'ere.

 July 22.	
 - July 23.	7.0
- July 24.	



#### PINK-BOLDNESS

RITE on your doors the saying wise and old, "Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere "Be bold!

Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

# BALM - Sympathy.

From stranger hands, unconscious of the strings; While the soul's slumbering echoes wake to life, And through its halls responsive music rings.

Few are the Davids to these harps of ours! Few learn the cunning of the instrument:

And those to whom the gift has been denied ? Are oftenest those with whom our lives are

Hamilton Aidé.

Harry a. Hageman Infy 26. Infu 27.



The limes,
Great trees of the ancient majestical times;
They spread their wide billows of blossom abroad,
And smell like a newly-made Eden of God.

Lord Southesk.

The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

Tennysm.

# HELENIUM-TEARS.

GEARS are the showers that fertilise the world; And memory of things precious keepeth warm. The heart that once did hold them. They are poor That have lost nothing; they are poorer far Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.

Jean Ingelow.

-	Julų 28.	
	July 29,	
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	July 30.	-
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	163	
	103	



July 31.

#### SUMMER.

The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass, The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat, And perch'd upon the honeysuckle-hedge Pipes the green linnet. Oh, the golden world! The stir of life on every blade of grass, I'he motion and the joy on every bough, The glad feast everywhere, for things that love The sunshine, and for things that love the shade!

The wind dies—not a leaf stirs—on the pool
The fly scarce moves; earth seems to hold her breath
Until her heart stops, listening silently
For the far footsteps of the coming rain

Robert Buchanan.

# AUGUST.

N the parching Angust wind
Corn-fields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread,
Early Laves drop loitering down
Weightless on the breeze,
First-fruits of the year's decay
From the withering trees.
Christing Resettli.

# Convolvulus (Blue) - Rest.

HEN the tumult of day is done, And the winds are at rest, When the glory is all but gone In the wonderful west,

Why, heart, is thy trouble so deep?
Why, spirit, thy care?
Full soon thou shalt quieter sleep
Than the quietest there.

James Rhoades.

# COLUMBINE (PURPLE) RESOLVED TO WIN.

HAT care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn
My triumph shines, more sweet than late;
When from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thy heart shall know me—I can wait.

Rose Terry, FA

# August 1. Angust 2. Mugust 3.

### Maple-Reserve.

WRETCHED thing it were to have our heart
Like a broad highway or a populous street,
Where every idle thought has leave to meet,
Pause, or pass on, as in the open mart;
Or like some road-side pool, which no nice ant
Has guarded that the cattle may not beat
And foul it with a multitude of feet,
Till of the heavens it can give lack no part;
But keep thou thine a holy solitude,
For He who would walk there would walk alone,
He who would wilk there must be first endued
With single right to call that stream his own;
Keep thou thine heart, close fastened, unrevealed,
A fencéd garden, and a fountain sealed.

Richard C, Trench.

# DAHLIA (RED)-JOY.

Joys
Are bubble-like—what makes them, bursts them, too.
And like the milky way, there! dim with stars,
The soul which numbers most will shine the less.

P. J. Bailey.

August 1
Julia 2 Porter 2 2 cler 1846 Eine of Marion S. J. J.
August 6.



# CARNATION (DEEP RED)—A BROKEN HEART,

HEY mourn, but smile at length; and smiling, mourn:

The tree will wither long before it fall:
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthral;
The day drags through, though storms keep out the
sun;

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

Byren.

#### CAMPION - DESTINY.

SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours For one lone soul another lonely soul, Each chasing each through all the weary hours, And meeting strangely at one sudden goal. Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers, Into one beautiful and perfect whole; And life's long night is ended, and the way Lies open onward to eternal day.

Edwin Arnold.

 August 7. ————
 Angust S.
 Augusi 9. ————



Save me from curious conscience, that still lords. Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole: Turn the key de(tly in the cilèd wards, And seal the husbêd casket of my soul.

Keats.

	August 10.
	August 11
- A M	August 12, ————
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NE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsever'd from tranquility,
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Matthew Arnold,

# ACACIA-FRIENDSHIP.

GOME back! ye friendships long departed! That like o'erlowing streamlets started, And now are dwindled, one by one, To stony channels in the sun! Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended. Come back, with all that light attended. Which seemed to darken and decay When ye arose and went away!

Longfellow,

charles	August 13.  1 Rhodes.
	August 14.
A Elen	Angust 15.



HENBARE - INCOMPLETENESS.

OTHING resting in its own completeness.

Can have worth or beauty: but alone
Decause it leads and tends to farther sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth Toward a truer, deeper life above; Human love is sweetest when it leadeth To a more divine and perfect love.

Adelaide Procter.

## CORN-RICHES.

GAN gold calm passion, or make reason thine? Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine? Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less To make our fortune than our happiness; Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state; The happy only are the truly great.

Young.

— Angust 46. —	
— August 17. —	
Hugust 18	

## JRIS-MESSAGE

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers, Or solitary mere,

Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers Its waters to the weir!

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasure, Thou dost not toil nor spin,

But makest glad and radiant with thy presence The meadow and the linn.

Thou art the Iris, fair amongst the fairest, Who, armed with golden rod

And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities Hauntest the sylvan streams,

Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river Linger to kiss thy feet!

Linger to kiss thy feet!

O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever
The world more fair and sweet.

Longfellow.

	Angust 49. ————
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	August 20.
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	August 21. ————
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WO angels guide

The path of man, both aged and yet young,

As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory,
And some Tradition; and her voice is sweet
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a hamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving cheek, and shines anew,
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp.

George Ellot.

## THYME-COURAGE.

STAND upright, speak thy thoughts, declare The truth thou hast, that all may share; Be bold, proclaim it everywhere: They only live who dare.

Letois Morris.



MRS. WAFER

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ter length clam digcalf hugging legs,

 August 22. ————
August 23.
 August 24.
163



Through space rolled on the mighty music tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations

The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

And wheresoever in his rich creation

Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul— 'Tis but the faint and far reverberation

Of that great tune to which the planets roll!

Frances Osgood.

Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory.

Shelley.

## ASTER-VARIETY.

CHIDE me not, laborious band, For the idle flowers I brought; Every Aster in my hand Goes home loaded with a thought. Mas R. A. Laylor. June, 1893-1068 August 26. August 27.

## MYRTLE- LOVE.

Than a sea of waves to win,
To live in the love that floweth forth,
Than the love that cometh in.

Be thy heart a well of love, my child, Flowing and free and sure; For a cistern of love, though undefiled, Keeps not the spirit pure.

George Macdonald,

## MOUNTAIN PINK - AMBITION.

The true ambition there alone resides, Where justice vindicates and wisdom guides; Where inward dignity joins outward state, Our purpose good, as our achievement great; Where public blessings public praise attend, Whose glory is our motive, not our end: Wouldst thou be famed? Have those high acts in view, Brave men would act, though scandal would ensue.

Young.

August	28.
Angust	29. ———
Angust	30.



RT thou a type of beauty, or of power, Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin? For each thy name denoteth, Passion-Flower: O no! thy pure corolla's depth within We trace a holier symbol; yea, a sign "Twixt God and man; a record of that hour When the expiatory Act divine Cancelled that curse which was our mortal dower. It is the Cross! never hath Psalmist's tongue Fittler of hope to human frailty sung Than this mute teacher in a floret's breast A star of guidance the wild woods among: A page with more than lettered love imprest; A beacon to the haven of the bless.

Sir Aubrey De l'ere.

properties and analysis and a second	— August 31. ——	

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## A LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER,

OAN, oh ye Autumn Winds!

The flowers have closed their tender leaves and die;

The lily's gracious head

All low must lie,

Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

Grieve, oh ye Autumn Winds! Summer lies low:

The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed, For she that loved her so,

Alas, is dead!

And one by one her loving children go.

Wail, oh ye Autumn Winds! She lives no more.

The gentle Summer, with her balmy breath, Still sweeter than before

When nearer death.

And brighter every day the smile she wore!

Adelaide Anne Procter.

## SEPTEMBER.

TUTUMN clouds are flying, flying,
O'er the waste of blue:
Summer flowers are dying, dying,
Late so lovely new.
Labouring wains are slowly rolling
Home with winter grain;
Holy bells are slowly tolling
Over buried men.

Like an afternoon;

Colder airs come creeping, creeping,
After sun and moon;

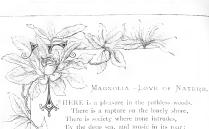
And the leaves, all tired of blowing

Cloud-liks o'er the sun,
Change to sunset-colours, knowing

That their day is done.

Goldener lights set noon a-sleeping

George Macdonald,



There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal,
Byron,

SEA ROCKET WORDS.

WORDS are mighty, words are living:
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies,

Adelaide Procter.

## September 1. September 2. - September 3.

## BLUE GENTIAN - HOPE.

That openest when the dutum dew, And coloured with the heaven's own blue. That openest when the quiet Eght Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen, Or columbines, in purple dressed, Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone, When woods are bare and birds are flown, And frosts and shortening days portend The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye Look through its fringes to the sky, Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see The hour of death draw near to me, Hope, blossoming within my heart, May look to heaven as I depart.

W. C. Bryant.

	September 4.
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	September 6. ————
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### FRENCH WILLOW --HUMANITY.

EARS running down the track of buried smiles: Time's shades condensed into the sable pall;

Hope that deserts, and gladness that beguiles-Are these, then, all?

All thou canst give to me, Humanity?

I saw a spirit dart 'twixt Earth and Heaven, Holding a cup in both hands lest it fall-() friends! a mournful life to us were given

If Earth were all! But He who lives for aye hath looked on thee, Humanity.

Aubrey De Vere.

## FLAX-DOMESTIC VIRTUES.

TROUND each pure domestic shrine Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine, Our hearths are altars all:

The prayers of hungry souls and poor, Like arméd angels at the door.

Our unseen foes appall,

Kichle.

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~	September 8.	
	Jamie Modstone 1X	0
	September 9	-



By grassy slopes Hangeth the vine her leafy ropes; Wild Proteus she of the wanton wood, That ever shifteth her merry mood, And, aye in luxmy of change, Loveth to revel, and dance, and range, In leaves not hers, she fleeteth through, Hiding her large grape-bunches blue.

Robert, Lord Lytton.



 A Company of the Comp
 - September 10.
 - September 11. ———
- September 12.
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### ALDE-SORROW.

A SORROW'S crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,

O LIFE, O death, O world, O time, O grave, where all things flow, "Tis yours to make our lot sublime With your great weight of woc.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring. Though bosoms torn may be. Vet suffering is a holy thing; Without it what were we?

Richard C Trench

## LAVENDER -- DISTRUST.

SO you think you love me, do you? Well, it may be so; But there are many ways of loving. I have learnt to know: Many ways, and but one true way. Which is very rare:

they will not wear.

And the counterfeits look brightest,

# September 13. - September 14. -Soutember 15.



E sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spoke of many a vanished scene, Of what we once had thought and said, Of what had been, and might have been. And who was changed, and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends, When first they feel, with secret pain, Their lives thenceforth have separate ends, And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,

That words are powerless to express,

And leave it still unsaid in part,

Or say it in too great excess,

II. W. Long fellow.

 September 16.
 Schtember 17.
-September 18.

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## GERANIUM - KINDNESS.

HAT best portion of a good man's life— His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love.

Wordsworth

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise,
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
{s low-esteemed in her eyes.

1. R. Lowell.

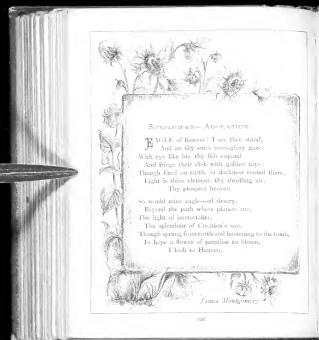
## NIGHTSHADE-TRUTH.

The Way, the Truth, the Life! Ah! would that they Who follow Truth, pursued it by that way Which Truth itself that itsubished and made broad! Christ is the Truth, and Christ alone the road. A little while we seek for Truth; and then Earthward we turn, and seek ourselves, again. We ask for knowledge, and we ask for fame, For mental beauty marked in Truth's great name; An exercise for strength, a bait for wit, A mark for boastful skill, unprized when hit; For all but Truth.

Infrage De Fore,



Sopigmber 49.-September 20.-September 21.-



-	September 22.	
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	— Şeptçmber 23	
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HE Sensitive plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves even like love,—its deep heart is full;
It desires what it has not, the beautiful.

Sheller,

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers, Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Moore.



## ALPINE SAXIFRAGE - A DREAM.

STAY me no more; the flowers have ceased to blow,

The frost begun;
Stay me no more, I will arise and go,
My dream is done,

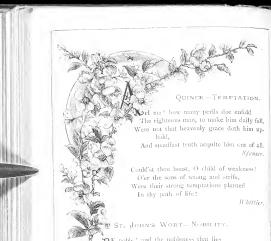
Ernest Myers,

The hope I dreamed of was a dream,
Was but a dream; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old
For a dream's sake.

Christina Rossetti.

September 25.	
 September 26	
 — September 27. —	
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BE noble! and the nobleness that lies In other men, sleeping, but never dead, Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

I. R. Lewell.

Better not to be at all Than not be noble.

Tennyson.

September 28. September 29 .e M Iraele. 1876. - Scutember 30.

### AUTUMN.

To tell the world its pomp is o'er:

To whisper in the Rose's ear That all her beauty is no more;

A queen deposed, she quits her state: The nightingales her fall deplore;

The hundred-voiced bird may woo The thousand-leafed flower no more,

The piping winds sing Nature's dirge, As through the forest bleak they roar;

Whose leafy screen, like locks of eld, Each day shows scantier than before.

Thou fadest as a flower, O Man! Of food for musing here is store.

And lay to heart this natural lore.

O Man! thou fallest as a leaf: Pace thoughtfully Earth's leaf-strewn floor;

Welcome the sadness of the time,

Richard C. Trench.

# OCTOBER.

OW autumn closes on the fading year, The chill wind moaneth through the woodlands sere; At morn the mists lie mournful on the hill,— The hum of summer's populace is still!

Edward, Lord Lytton.

Suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief, And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

W. C. Bryant.

Now autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods, And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt, And night by night the monitory blast Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes, Or green wide wave; and now the power is felt Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.

William Allingham,



SO long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone; And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

"Follow Me," Jesus said; and they uprose, Peter and Andrew rose and followed Him,

Followed Him even to Heaven through death most grim, And through a long hard life without repose, Save in the grand ideal of its close.

"Take up your cross and come with Mc," He said; And the world listens yet through all her dead, And still would answer had we faith like those.

William Bell Scott,

CAMOMILE-ENERGY IN ADVERSITY.

NOBLE soul is like a ship at sca,

That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Gerbeude Annette Sherwood (187
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——————————————————————————————————————



ENEATH the scant shade of an aged them, Silvered with age, and mossy with decay, I stood, and there bethought me of its morn Of verdant lustihood, long passed away;

Of its meridian vigour, now outworn

By cankering years, and by the tempest's sway Bared to the pitying glebe. - Companionless, Stands the gray thorn complaining to the wind— Of all the old wood's leafy loveliness.

The sole memorial that lags behind;

Its compeers perished in their youthfulness,

Though round the carth their roots seem'd firmly twined:
How sad it is to be so anchored here

As to outlive one's mates, and die without a tear!

Motherwell

### Mykrh-Happiness.

PLEASURES lie thickest where no pleasures seem; There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground But holds some joy, of silence or of sound, Some sprite forgotten of a summer dream.

Laman Bianchard.

# October 4. October 5. Sanford Maxon Barber



# MIGNORETTE—YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR CHARMS.

The lingering perfume of a flower,
Its dying fragrance, sadly sweet.
Though faint to that of Summer's bower,
It still is soothing thus to greet.

The gusty winds, the dark'ning cloud, The chilly mists, and rain, and dews, And drifted leaves which half enshroud Thy beauties,—all delight my muse.

To me thy yet surviving bloom
And lingering sweetness can recall
Hearts which, unchill'd by gath'ring gloom,
Can meekly live and love through all.

From such in seasons dark and drear, Immortal hopes of noblest worth, Feelings and thoughts to virtue dear, Gush like thy dying fragrance forth,

And fling a holier charm around Than prosperous hours could ever know; For rapture's smile less fair is found Than that which Patience lends to Woe!

Barton.

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Yet I argue not,
GAINST heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Milton

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite:
To forgive wrongs darker than the death of night;
To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love and hear: to hope till hope creates
From its own wreek the thing it contemplates:

Neither to change, to falter, nor repent; This like thy glory. Titan, is to be Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free; This is alone life, joy, empire and victory.

Shelley.

### PALM - VICTORY.

HAREWELL, ye vanishing flowers that shone In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief; Oh! what are the brightest that c'er have blown, To the lote-tree springing by Allah's throne, Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf? Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—

Moore.

The gates are rass'd, and Heaven is won.

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Clara	M. Porter-Vi	ctor, -1876.
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v	— Oqtaber 42.	



OAK LEAF-VALOUR.

FEAR to do base, unworthy things, is valour; If they be done to us, to suffer them Is valour too.

For love's sake.

Ben Jonson,

1. 33.00
October 13.
 Ogiobęr 14.
 October 15.
222



10 you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove, The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!" In the winter they're silent- the wind is so strong; What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song, But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather, And singing and loving-all come back together. But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love. The green fields below him, the blue sky above, That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he-"I love my love, and my love loves me!"

S. T. Coleridge.

### TALL SUNFLOWER-HAUGHTINESS.

H, sunflower, weary of time, Who countest the steps of the sun, Seeking after that sweet golden clime Where the traveller's journey is done-Where the youth pined away with desire, And the pale virgin shrouded in snow, Arise from their graves, and aspire Where my sunflower wishes to go!

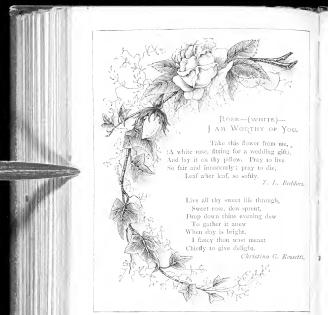
William Blake

Oglober 16. ——	
 - Oglober 17. —	
 – Ociober 18. –	

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	——— Oqtabçı 19. ————
	——— Ogtober 20. ————
	— Ogtober 21. —
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### OX-EYES-PATIENCE.

You'll love me yet! - and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing:
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry.
From seeds of April's soviety.

You'll look at least on love's remains, 'A grave's one violet:

Your look?—that pays a thousand pains, What's death? You'll love me yet!

TIRE

### ANDROMEDA-SELF-SACRIFICE.

W father urgit sair: my mother didna speak;
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
break;

They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea; Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin:

I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;

But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be, For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady A. Barnard.

Oștober 22. ———	
October 23	_
Oçtober 24.	



POMEGRANATE BLOSSOM -

A WARNING.

REASURE love, though ready
Still to live without;
In your fondest trust, keep
Just one thread of doubt,

Build on no to-morrow, Love has but to-day; If the links seem slackening Cut the bond away.

Trust no prayer or promise; Words are grains of sand; To keep your heart unbroken Hold it in your hand.

Adelaide Procter.

### SNOWBERRY TREE-AGE.

HE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed, Lets in new light through chinks that time has made; Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become, As they draw near to their eternal home: Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view, That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Edmund Waller.

	——— Oqtabar 25. ————	
(c	— Ogtober 26. Linton S. Burns verly, Lowa — 18	371
- Gr	October 27.  ace B. Jones	
•		



### SWEET BASIL-GOOD WISHES.

Fare thee well!
Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,
And yet more often living with thyself,
And for thyself, so haply shall thy days
Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

Horasworth.

	—— Ogiober 28.
	Oçtaliçer 29.
J.	· 1); //· · · ·
	Oçiobçr 30. ————



CHINA ROSE-BEAUTY ALWAYS NEW.

A LATE and sweet, too sweet, too late! What nightingale will sing to thee? The empty nest, the shivering tree, The dead leaves by the garden gate, And cawing crows for thee will wait, O sweet and late!

Where wert thou when the soft June nights Were faint with perfume, glad with song? Where wert thou when the days were long. And steeped in summer's young delights? What hopest thou now but checks and slights, Brief days, lone nights?

Stay, there's a gleam of winter wheat Far on the hill; down in the woods A very heaven of stillness broods; And through the mellow sun's noon heat, Lo, tender pulses round thee beat, () late and sweet!

	- Ogiober 31	
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Song.

OUTSIDE the garden

The wet skies barden;
The gates are barred on
The summer side:

'Shut out the flower-time,
Sunbeam and shower-time;
Make way for our time,'
Wild winds have cried.
Green once and cheery,
The woods, worn weary,
Sich as the dreary
Weak sun goes home:
A great wind grapples
The wave, and dapples
The dead green floor of the see with foam.

A. C. Swinburne,

## NOVEMBER.

THAT time of year .

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Shakes/eare.

The mellow year is hasting to its close; The little birds have almost sung their last, Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast, That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows,

Hartley Coloridee.

The chill

November dawns, and dewy-glooming downs, The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves, And the low moan of leaden-coloured seas,

Tennyson.



CEDAR OF LEBANON-JNCORRUPTIBILITY.

BHALL I be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid blim, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virue of must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive.
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's trumphant reign,
Ecutive.

### FERN Moss-Content.

ISER it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things;
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

R. C. Trench.

November 4.
 — Naugmber 2. ————
 — Nougmber 3. ———
 303000



### PEARLWORT-WEARINESS.

UT to be still! oh, but to cease awhile

The panting breath and hurrying steps of life,
The sights, the sounds, the struggle, and the strife
Of hourly being; the sharp hiting file
Of action fritting on the tightened chain
Of rough existence; all that is not pain,
But utter weariness! oh! to be fiee,
But for a while, from conscious entity!
To shut the banging doors and windows wide
Of restless sense, and let the soul abide,
Of arthright and stilly, for a little space,
Gathering its strength up to pursue the race;
Oh, heavens! to rest a moment, but to rest,
From this quick, gasping life, were to be blest?

F. A. Kemble.

### RAGWORT-LABOUR.

This world has work for us: we must refuse

No honest task, nor uncongenial toil.

Fear not your foot to tire, nor robe to soil;

Nor let your hands grow white for want of use.

Thomas Aske,

Nouçmber 4.	
———— Povember 5.	
—— Paucimber 6.	

### FAST FALL THE LEAVES.

TAST fall the leaves: this never says
To that, "Alas! how brief our days
All have alike enjoyed the sun,
And each repeats, "So much is won:
Where we are falling, millions more
Have dropt, nor weep that life is o'er."

II. L. Landor.

Yellow, yellow leaves, All grown pale with sighing! For the sweet days dead, For the sad days dying. Yellow, yellow leaves, How the parting grieves!

Yellow, yellow leaves, Falling, falling! Death is best, when hope There is no recalling; Yet O, yellow leaves, How the parting grieves!

Isa Craig Knox.

	November 7.
Lertu	— Դոսբանը։ Տ. ide Kimberley Samborn ) 8
	— Paugmber 9.



Along the hedge the clasping bindweed flowers;
And when one chalice shuts, a new one blows;
There's blooming for all minutes of the hours,
Along the hedge beside the trodden lane,
Where day by day we pass, and pass again:

Where day by day we pass, and pass again: Rosy and white along the busy mile, A flower for every step, and all the while.

Augusta Webster.

### CLIANTHUS-WORLDLINESS.

HE world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers: Little we see in Nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! This sea that bears her bosom to the moon; The winds that will be howling at all hours, And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers; For this, for every thing, we are out of tune; It moves us not.

Wordsworth.

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	—— Donempe	r 44.	
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HICKWEED! will no one sing thee? Like thy Lowly, and little noted though thou art, Creeping o'er fallows with thy pallid sward. Thou in my humble strains shall claim a part. When summer flowers to churlish autumn vield. And gaunt December lends the leafless groves, Thou to the small birds trooping o'er the field Art food-the stimulus to future loves.

Henceforth let none despise thee for thy birth, For powers medicinal in thee are found; And haughty men shall own thy sterling worth, And crave thine aid to cool the anguished wound: The lordly cak may lift his head on high, Thou still will creep beneath the self-same sky.

Robert Millhouse.

Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes, Their beauty thrills him with an inward sense; He knows that outward seemings are but lies. Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence The soul that looks within for truth may guess The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.

I. R. Leavell

 —— Povember 13.————
 40()
 — Povember 14.
 — Pousmber 15.

### CEDAR LEAF-I LIVE FOR THEE.

HEN by the fire we sit with hand in hand. My spirit seems to watch beside your knee, Alert and eager at your least command To do your bidding over earth and sea: Till, from some island of the spicy main, You smile, - and I, who love to be your slave, My hand lies happy in your hand and still,

# The very oak grows shivering and sere,

75 HE elm lets fail its leaves before the frost,

Green pine unchanging as the days go by, My shelter from all winds, my own strong pine. 'Tis spring, 'tis summer, still, while thou art mine,

	- Pauçmber 16. —
	- Povember 47
Daisy	Dovember 18. Luffield 61.



THEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The tolling surges,

Ever drifting, drifting On the shifting On the shifting Currents of the restless main; Till in sheltered coves, and reaches Of sandy beaches, All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion Strike the ocean Of the poet's soul, ere long From each cave and rocky fastness, In its vastness, Floats some fragment of a song:

Ever drifting, drifting on the shifting On the shifting Currents of the restless heart: Till at length in books recorded They, like hoarded Household words, no more depart.

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	— Pavember 49.———
	— - Paugmbgr 20,————
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	—— Paugmbar 21.———

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OLD in the carth—and fifteen wild Decembers,

From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the split that remembers

After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee, While the world's tide is bearing me along; Other desires and other hopes beet me. Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven, No second morn has ever shone for me, All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given, All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

Emily Bronti

### HYSSOP-PURITY.

To the cruel fire of sorrow

Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quall;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by nain!

Adelaide Procter,

Pougmber 22.
 Paucimber 23. ————
Ŋauçıııbçr 24

### TREE MALLOW-TRUST ME.

Trust me with eyes wide open to all ill,
Giving thy faith, but keeping fast thy will,
Lest in one evil scheme we both combine.
Trust me as honest, knowing I am weak,
Stronger, but yet as much in need of aid,
Losing no step thro' faith, and not afraid
To say; "We shall not find there what we seek."
Lean on me, love, but not so utterly
That if I stumble, thou shouldst helpless be.
Cosmo Monkhouse.

HELLEBORE-SCANDAL

WHISPER broke the air,
A soft light tone, and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe
And so it wander'd round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reach'd a gentle heart,
And that—it broke!

L. E. Landon.

	—— <b>November</b> 25.————
	Povember 26
24	allie M. Pratt 1874
	Ransonville, My
	—— <u>Лоистве</u> г 27.————



YE fade, yet still how sweet, yet Flowers!

Your scent outlives the bloom!
So, Father, may my mortal hours
Grow sweeter towards the tomb!
In withered leaves a healing cure

The simple gleaners find; So may our withered hopes endure

In virtues left behind! Oh, not to me be vainly given

The lesson ye hestow.

O thoughts that rise in sweets to Heaven.

And turn to use below.

Edward, Lord Lytton

### CUDWEED-REMEMBRANCE.

AH, too true! Time's current strong Leaves us true to nothing long. Yet, if little stays with man, Ah, retain we all we can! If the clear impression dies,

Ah, the dim remembrance prize!

Ere the parting hour goes by,

Quick thy tablets, Memory!

Matthew Arnold.

	Paveinher 28.
1800 140	Paugmber 29.
	— Ponémpé. 80. ————

THE CANADA THE STATE OF THE STA

### SNOW FLAKES

OUT of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken.
Over the woodlands brown and base,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow

Even as our clouded funcies take Suddenly shape in some divine expression. Even as the troubled heart doth make In the white countenance confession. The troubled sky reveals

Slowly in silent syllables recorded; This is the secret of despair, Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded. Now whispered and revealed To wood and field.

 $Henry\ W.\ Longfellow,$ 

### DECEMBER.

FAST of all, December,
The year's sands nearly run,
Speeds on the shortest day.
Curtails the sun;
With its bleak run wind
Lays the last leaves low,
Brings back the nightly frosts,
Brings back the snow.

Christina B scotti

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing: Toll ye the chinch-bell sad and slow, And tread softly, and speak low, For the old year lies a-dying.

Fennyson.

### HEPATICA -- TRUST.

F deceit must vex the heart,
Who can pass through life without?
Better far to bear the smart
Than to grind the soul with doubt.

Trust the lover, trust the friend;
Heed not what old rhymers tell.
Trust to God, and in the end
Doubt not all will still be well.

Love's best guide, and friendship's stay,
'Trust, to innocence was given;
'Tis doubt that paves the downward way,
But trust unlocks the gates of heaven.

George P. R. James.

### FERN-SINCERITY.

LET us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friend-hip.

Longfellow.

Pecçmber 1.	
 December 2.	
— Priember 3. —	
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## HIPS AND HAWS

TOR ever from the hand that takes One blessing from us, others fall And soon or late, our Father makes His perfect recompense to all!

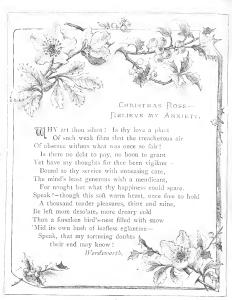
### FIXT-DUIL

DOT once or twice in our rough island story. The path of duty was the way to glory: He that walks it, only thirsting For the right, and learns to deaden Love of self, before his journey closes. He shall find the stubborn thisle bursting litto glossy purples, which outre the student All voluntions garden rose. Xot once or twice in our risk and story; Xot once or twice in the path to glory: He, that ever following her commands. On with toil of heart and knees and hands. They the the topping crage to the far light, has won His path upward, and prevailed. Shall find the topping crage of Doty scaled Are close upon the shuning table-lands.

Tennyson

	December 4. —	<u>:</u>
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 December 7.
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 - Perember 9.
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Ask what you will, my own and only love; For, to love's service true. Your least wish sways me as from worlds above,

And I yield all to you.

Who are the only She,

And in one girl all womanhood to me.

Is rounded with a sleep.

F. T. Palgrave.

### OSMUNDA DREAMS.

We are such stuff As dreams are made of: and our little life

Shakespeare,

And dreams in their development have breath; And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy; They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts. They take a weight from off our waking toils: They do divide our being: they become A portion of ourselves, as of our time, And look like heralds of eternity.

Byron.

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.

Tenuvson.

# Perember 10. December 11. -December 42. -

### FLOWER DIRGES.

QING ye dirges for the flowers! Nav-their prime is past and gone : Fed with sunshine and sweet showers, They have graced the summer hours, Now their work is done: From the uplands fierce and strong, Ritter blasts will blow ere long-Happy they secure of shelter From wild Winter's wrong! They have left us undismayed By the change that did befall; Wearied out with shine and shade, It rejoiced them, one and all To escape from daylight's ken, To their chambers subterrain,-There to rest awhile, and then Weave them fresh, and weave them fair, And their fragrant spells prepare ;--

And their fragrant spells prepare;—
Therefore, sing no mournful dirges for these flowers,
O men!

T. H'estwood.

 — Pecember 43. ———
December 14
— December 15. ————
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### GROUND LAUREL-PERSEVERANCE.

ON, on, in firm progression, sure and slow,
More scorning hindrance, as ye meet it more;
Surmouting what ye cannot thorough go,
And foreing what ye fall in climbing o'er;
Soon shall he gaze upon the bibs attained.
And worth attainment four-fold as severe;
The glorious meed for realous souls ordained,
Shall shine upon you, palpable and clear,

Charles 1. Turner

### HIPISCUS - CHANGE,

To spring, to bloom, to fade. This is the sum of the laborious years: Life preludes death as laughter ends in tears: All things that God bath made Suffer perpetual change, and may not long endur

Each little moment, as life's current rolls, Stamps some faint impress on our yielding souls: We may not rest or stay Drifting on tides unseen to one dread goal and sure.

Lewes Morris.

	— Pecember 16. —	
Man	December 17. — de E. Cannon	
, ( ; - ,	— Desember 18. —	

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Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among The thoughtless throng, So would I seem amid the young and gay More grave than they, That in my age as cheefful I might be As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

Southey,

 Pecçuber 19. —	
 December 20. —	
 — Десемвет 21. —	
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 273	5



Dead emblems of immortalized renown!

 — Десешвет 22. —————
— <u>Դ</u> շոգանգո 23. ———
 — Десешвег 24. ———



Hang up the misletce over the land.
Where the poor dark man is spurn'd by the white;
Hang it wherever oppression's strong hand
Wrings from the helpless humanity's right.
Hang it on high where the starving lip sobs,
And the patrician one turneth in scom;
Let it he met where the purple steel robs
Child of its father, and field of its com;
Hall it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
But let it not fade with the festival sound;
Hang up love's misletoe over the earth
And let us kiss under it all the year round!

Eliza Cook.

December 25.	_
— December 26. —	
— December 27.	

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The E look before and after,
And sigh for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Shelley,

And thus my spirit sings to me While years are flying, flying, flying; "Be sad, be sad, thou hast no choice, But mourn with music in thy voice."

Lord Southesk,

### LAURESTINUS-CHFERFUL IN ADVERSITY.

TAIR tree of winter, fresh and flowering. When all around is dead and dry, Whose ruby buds, though storms are lowering, Spread their white blossoms to the sky; Green are thy leaves, more freely green, Through every changing period seen; And when the gaudy months are past, Thy loveliest season is the last.

James Montgomery

	- Perçiiber 28.
0.00	- December 29,
	– Peccimber 30.
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DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

(f ORPHAN Hours, the year is dead, Come and sigh, come and weep! Merry Hours, smile instead,

For the year is but asleep: See, it smiles, as it is sleeping. Mocking your untimely weeping"

"As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day;
Solemn Hours! wait aloud
For your Mother in her shroud," -

"As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swamp cradle of a child,
Lo the breath of these rude days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; 'he will arise
With new love within her eyes."

Shelley,



# Derember 31. 281

Memoganda.

J. J. Seeler, tied ang 8, 1872 agree the kinnon Van Oleve, un sied July 1894.

Thud Nicke Howard 1895. Helen Surie Clark, married hy , 96. Grandma Haomi Horlaine, tied

June 13, 1894.

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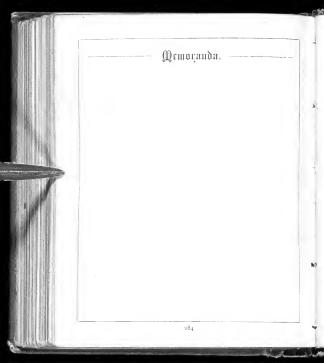
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Cinton S. France, maries

Gertrude Umboley Witness, varies & 200.

Daise Jameson Bowling, munid Od. 9°01. Mary Fearnest Barcley diet July 18, 1900.

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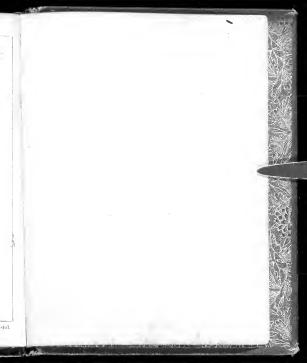
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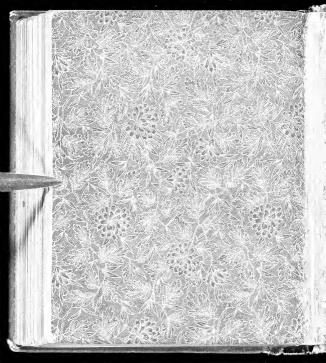
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